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RECOLLECTIONS OF NEW LISBON

A STOREBOAT TRIP ON THE OHIO RIVER IN 1838-9

LISBON REVISITED

By

Mary Hamilton Covington

Hamilton
Family,

This booklet owes its existence to a
contribution from Annette Covington in memory
of her grandparents, Mary Hamilton Covington

and Mimeographed For The Family

By

Covington Williams

St. Charles, Illinois

1960

I remember meeting the author, my great grandmother Mary Hamilton Covington, only once, in about 1930. I was ushered into her upstairs double bedroom where she sat enthroned in her wheel chair, immobilized and probably in pain with a broken and uncast hip. She was then in her nineties and I was a mere one tenth as old. She asked a few pleasant questions and I was promptly sent away to play. My further acquaintance with her, since she died shortly after, has had to wait upon this reading of her journals.

The stories she tells would mean more to us if there was a chart of the family to follow. I am endeavoring to prepare this. In the meantime she can help. Here is a letter to her son John Isham Covington, my grandfather:

February 22, 1899

So you are stuck on the genealogical lay out and want to know something of the Hamilton-Davis's provided they are not related to the old traitor Jeff. I feel quite certain you need have no fears, my dear. My family, as far as I knew, were true to their country, and a good, orderly, religious, patriotic, industrious people.

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My mother, dying when I was a boy, rather changed our intimate friendship with the Davis side of the family, except for those that had married into the Hamilton side of the family. Aunt Polly and Uncle Samuel were the only ones left. This booklet owes its existence to a contribution from Annette Covington in memory of her grandparents, Mary Hamilton Covington and Samuel Fulton Covington.

Since we moved from the old homestead in 1830, my knowledge of the Davis family is limited. It is, Robert Davis and wife were from England. My grandfather Isham-Davis was born in Maryland in Ann Arundell County and after his father's death, took care of his father's old homestead until his mother died. He had married Delilah Randall in his youth and they had born to them ten children on the old homestead: Nathan, John, Elizabeth, Julia, Eleanor, Mary, Richard, Isaac, Amos and Ruth.

Grandfather and Grandmother were Episcopalians; both were said to be very handsome, and their whole family was good looking. They believed in dancing and had a very happy pleasant home as long as Grandfather lived. Grandfather had considerable money which he loaned, and had a farm on the west fork of the Beaver creek, six miles from New Lisbon. The old house is still owned by Uncle Isaac or Amos and many of the Davis family lie buried in the Davis cemetery on the old farm at West Fork.

(a considerably later letter follows, judged by the handwriting. Dated)

The genealogical layout of the Hamilton family.

My grandfather Jonathan Hamilton was a native of New Jersey, born the 30th day of May, 1761. His mother was Scotch, his father Irish. He was a soldier under Washington during the Revolutionary struggle. He was married to a daughter of William Gilt, one of the first settlers of New Jersey, who came from Holland. He and Susanna

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My mother, dying when I was so young, rather changed our intimate friendship with the Davis side of the family, except for those that had married into the Hamilton side of the family. Three of the Davis family married Hamiltons. Aunty Betsy and Uncle William's family, Aunt Polly and Uncle John's family, and our family were more intimately acquainted, being double cousins.

Since we moved from New Lisbon in 1838, my knowledge of the Davis family is dreamy; yet here it is. Robert Davis and wife were from England. My grandfather Ichabod Davis was born in Maryland in Ann Arundell County and after his father's death, took care of his father's old homestead until his mother died. He had married Delilah Randall in his youth and they had born to them ten children on the old homestead: Nathan, John, Elizabeth, Julia, Eleanor, Mary, Richard, Isaac, Amos and Ruth.

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Diltz were married on the 5th day of March 1782. From this union were born: Rachael, Feb. 23, 1783; Sarah, September 4th, 1784; Joseph, 1785; Susannah, June 7th, 1788; Nancy, March 14, 1790; James, November 5th, 1791; Catherine and William, twins, July 29th, 1793; Mary, May 19th, 1795; Jonathan, July 17, 1797. These children were all born near Williamsport on what was called the Horseshoe Bottoms, Penna. In the spring of 1798 they removed to the Wilderness Territory of Ohio and located on lands in Columbiana Co. Here the family experienced all the privations of pioneer life; but they maintained their religion as their lives and their children's lives testify. They were all men of real worth and standing in their community. Their personal characters were in the highest degree honorable and useful and religious. They were the founders and first members of the Presbyterian church and most active and zealous supporters. At one time Grandfather, his son Joseph, and my father were all elders in the New Lisbon church. I believe grandfather was a member of that church for over forty years.

Grandfather cleared a large tract of land and was one of the substantial and enterprising farmers until 1831. Then he sold his farm and moved to New Lisbon. The old stone house still stands and is owned by a grandson, Joseph Hamilton. It is called the Hamilton homestead. In 1835 my grandmother Susannah died at the ripe age of 82, surrounded by a large and sorrowing family. Universally beloved, she went to the bosom of her God. I was there when she died. She was buried in the Presbyterian burying ground near New Lisbon. Grandfather married again and died at the age of 92 years.

He and his second wife took a carriage and drove to Ohio to visit a sister of hers in the fall of the year, and on their journey there came a sudden cold rain and he took pneumonia. Uncle Joseph Hamilton was sent for, but he died soon after uncle arrived. He was buried in Knox County, Bladensburg, Ohio. His second wife remained with her sister and died five years after.

All the family, almost, had large families and the history of some are quite remarkable and interesting, showing that God especially blessed them in saving them from sin and degradation and vice in any form. The prayers of Grandfather and Granny were answered to the third and fourth generation.

* * * * *

In great grandmother Hamilton's Journal there is the following "genesis of the Davis Family of Maryland", copied from notes of Harvey Davis, Lisbon, Ohio.

William Davis, Robert Davis, Evan Davis, and one sister, Anne Davis came to America from Wales in the early part of the 18th Century.

My great-grandfather was Robert Davis, who settled near Baltimore about 1740, now Howard County. He was a Civil Engineer, but I do not know under whom he was commissioned. . . probably the 4th Lord Baltimore or Governor Calvert. I have none of his old books. They were all destroyed by Uncle Isaac Davis's children.

Robert and Ruth Davis (Miss Ruth Gaither) were the parents of five sons and two daughters: - Robert, Eli,

Thomas, Gaither, Ichabod, Ruth and Eleanor. Ichabod Davis, the youngest son was born April 15th, 1758, and married Miss Delilah Randall, January 25th, 1785.

Grandfather (Ichabod) died July 29th, 1845; Grandmother (Delilah) died December 12th, 1822. Elizabeth Davis, cousin Nancy's mother, was born in Howard County, Maryland on November 5th, 1796, and came to Columbiana County with her parents in the fall of 1811. Eleanor Davis, mother of cousin Mary Covington, was born at the same place on December 28th, 1799 and made the same migration in 1811. My notes say that she died June 12, 1831.

The grandmother of Nancy Hamilton Myers was Delilah Randall Davis, who was the daughter of Aquilla Randall, Sr., who purchased jointly with Joseph Brown and John Oliver, a tract of land from Lord Baltimore in 1719. It was called "Good Fellowship" and is about one mile from Woodstock, Howard County. The Randall part of this tract was willed to Caleb Davis by his aunt, Ruth Randall.

Ex-Senator and late candidate for V. P., Henry Gassaway Davis of West Virginia, is a son of Caleb Davis.

* * * * *

Further material on Mary Hamilton Covington will be found in my "The Fulton-Hamilton-Covington Family of Rising Sun Indiana." "Indianapolis Dairy of Samuel Fulton Covington April to May 1858." (her husband) "George B. Covington 1845-1864. A Soldier's Letters." (her son, killed in the Civil War) These are deposited at the Newberry Library in Chicago and at the Samuel Fulton Covington Library at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

Covington Williams
308 West Walnut Street
St. Charles, Illinois

January 25, 1960

RECOLLECTIONS OF
NEW LISBON, OHIO
by
Mary Hamilton Covington

5542 Covington Avenue
Madisonville, Ohio
January 10, 1905

This is being written by Mrs. Mary H. Covington, widow of Samuel Fulton Covington, daughter of Jonathan N. Hamilton, mother of George B. Covington, John I. Covington, Harriet C. Shields, and Mollie C. Cox, who are all quietly sleeping until Resurrection Morn. I am now living in the homestead with a widowed daughter, the only child I have living. She is Mrs. Florence C. Hidden and her son Harry is with us. We have the assistance of two colored girls.

I was 79 years of age on the 6th of August, 1904. I am in reasonably good health and my mind is unimpaired. Things are very comfortable here, with good friends and pleasant surroundings. Having a few days of leisure, I will sketch some recollections of my life's history.

On the summit of a hill near New Lisbon, Ohio, which overlooked the old stone house of grandfather Hamilton, on the morning of the sixth of August, 1825, I was born. Grandfather owned a tract of land in the valley and two of his sons, Joseph and my father Jonathan, lived near him in the hills. My mother, Nellie (Eleanor) Davis Hamilton, was then twenty-six years of age. I was her third child. My sister, Harriet Delilah Hamilton, and my brother, Ichabod, played around the cottage door. My father, grandmother, Aunt Polly Davis and Dr. George McCook were at hand to welcome the little stranger. Dr. McCook became an eminent surgeon at Pittsburgh, and years later returned to New Lisbon. He died after the war.

New Lisbon, as it was then known, was the county seat of Columbiana county, Ohio, and for many years had been the best town of northeastern Ohio. Cleveland, in those early days, was nothing but a cluster of huts. In the days when Indian warfare was going on in the vicinity of Lisbon, it was the home of Adam Poe and his brother, both great Indian fighters.

My grandfathers, Jonathan Hamilton, Sr. and Ichabod Davis, were two of the earliest pioneers of Columbiana county. They acquired their land from the United States during the presidencies of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. When I was one year old, my father moved from the farm to New Lisbon. I have heard him say that while grandfather had bought land very cheap, it was all to be cleared. This was so much labor that my father became worn out, and he decided to sell his farm. He worked during the summer on the land, clearing and planting, but in the winter he studied to fit himself for a teacher. He was hired as teacher for the large log school house on Sheep hill.

My father built a small brick house of seven rooms on Chestnut Street. I recall that the Presbyterian church and the school house were near, and the stone jail house on the northeast corner of Beaver and Chestnut Streets.

My father taught public school for, I think, two years. He had some young men in his school, as well as children. James and Jonathan Hamilton, the Vallandigham boys, the Armstrong boys, the McKegs, the Nolds and the Clapsaddles. Then my father had the opportunity of buying out a store owned by a Frenchman, Mr. Louis, who wished to go back to France. He had two children when they came. The daughter, Emmaline, took sinking typhus fever and died. This sad event made them dislike the United States. Father took over the Frenchman's stock of goods, and sold his farm to grandfather and Uncle Joseph Hamilton to get the money needed.

The earliest settlers of Columbiana county were mostly Presbyterians and they were the first religious society to effect an organization; this was done in 1807. Reverend Clement Vallandigham became pastor and services were held in the log court house. In the summer, in fair weather, they held services in a preacher's tent, in a grove near Beaver creek. The first record of baptism was a son of James and Agnes Tilson. The Presbyterians built a church in 1814; it was a one story brick building. The pulpit stood very high, with flights of stairs on each side and an altar in front of the railing. I thought it was very fine. In one of my earliest recollection, my mother and father stood before the altar, father holding me, and we three children were baptized.

On June 20th, 1831, my dear mother died. She had had a baby girl three months before, and gradually failed in strength and died, leaving her husband, three daughters and one son to deeply mourn her loss. Our dear Aunt Polly took the place of a mother. We closed the house and went to Aunt Polly and Uncle Josiah's to make it our home. Uncle Josiah was very fond of children, and as they had no children of their own, he was very kind to me and did everything to amuse me, I being the youngest one there. The baby girl was named Nellie for mother, and in a few weeks, it died. Aunt Susy Fife had taken it home with her, and it died in Aunt Susy's arms on the first of September, 1831.

When dear Aunt Susy found the baby was near death, she sent word for us to come out to her home, six miles in the country. Father, Aunt Polly, my sister and brother and I went in a carriage. The baby passed away in the night.

How sad the world had grown to us children; mother dead, the home closed and now the dear baby gone. We cried and cried until we were sick. We felt that we could never, never be happy again.

Father sent us to school. I went to Miss Brooks and sister Harriet Delilah went to Miss Cornelia Converse. We made frequent visits to Uncle William and Aunt Betsy Hamilton, who lived out of town about three miles. They had quite a family, Amos, Reason, Susan, Ruth, Julia, Nancy, William, Mary and Elizabeth. It was a lovely place to visit. They were so good and kind. They had plenty of everything good to eat and a big yard to play in. Aunt Betsy was my mother's sister and Uncle Billy was my father's brother. They also came to see us. We were much attached to each other.

I often visited Aunt Susy Fife. She had adopted her brother's daughter, who was another double cousin of mine, Uncle John Davis and Aunt Polly Hamilton Davis's daughter. She and I looked very much alike.

They kept about six cows that they pastured in the summer up a steep hill. I often went up after them, and let down the bars, so that the cows could come to the house to be milked and fed. The pasture field was quite large. I would call the cows by their names, saying, "Sook, Cherry", "Sook, Bloss", "Sook, Star", and "Sook, Pidy". The names would echo so plainly that it seemed as if someone were answering. Aunt and Uncle had such a pretty home. Cherry trees made a hedge in front, and an old fashioned beehive stood over towards the garden which was enclosed in a picket fence.

There was a well with an 'old oaken bucket'. To draw water, you let the bucket down with a chain. The water was clear and cold. Down the hill, in the back of the house, there was a little log hut, and a spring of cold, soft water. They carried the soiled clothes down and did the washing there. There was a large iron kettle hung by hooks and chain from a cross pole. A fire was built under the kettle to supply the hot water. There was a grape vine clothes line stretched from several high tree stumps. A crock of soft soap was always on hand. There were such pretty running vines all around the little hut. The flowers were like lady-slippers.

Aunt Susy was a good cook. She had a large open fireplace and used iron pots, kettles and skillets. She baked her bread in a large Dutch oven. Much of her time was spent over the milk and cream and in preparing the cow's feed. She made butter and cheese to sell.

They were careful about burning candles. They retired early and arose at the break of day in summer time. The light of the fire was enough unless they had special work to do. Then they used an iron lamp, hung on a stand. It smoked and smelled greasy, though the wick was soaked in vinegar to help keep it from smoking.

Uncle James Fife was a good natured Scotch-Irish gentleman. He was one of a large family who had come from Virginia. Aunt Katie Hamilton married his brother, Joe Fife. She had five children and lived ten or twelve miles away. I do not remember visiting them but once. Aunt Katie was a very sweet, pleasant woman. She lived to grow hard of hearing after Uncle Joseph Fife died. I think she was eighty-five years old when she died. One son was a Methodist preacher, and a daughter married a good physician.

My father's second marriage in 1833

In 1833, my father, Jonathan Newman Hamilton, married, for the second time, a young lady from Wilbraham, Massachusetts. She had come to New Lisbon for a visit with her sister and family. William Russell, the brother-in-law, was a lawyer who had known father for some years. Abigail Potter was her name. She was in her twenty-third year, quite large and fine looking. She was the youngest of five children.

The wedding was at the home of William Russell, and they were married by the Reverend Clement Vallandigham. Aunt Polly Gaskill was the only relative present of our family. Father had kept it such a secret that we children were ignorant of it until the night of the marriage. Sister Harriet Delilah felt that we had been badly treated and determined not to recognize her as a mother. Poor sister was broken hearted. She had not recovered from the grief of my mother's death.

Aunt Polly accompanied the married couple to Pittsburgh. When they all returned, Aunt made a dinner party, inviting them to the home. This wounded sister still deeper. She wept herself sick and received mother very coldly. She had never seen her before. With me it was different. I was pleased to think I had such a fine looking woman for a step-mother. She was lively and cheerful and petted me, promising me the many nice things she would do for me.

In six weeks, my father had rented a large building, owned by the Richardson heirs, and had it fitted up nicely. During this time the Russell girls called on sister frequently; invited her to the Russell home; and Mrs. Russell was so pleasant to her, as mother was also, that it all together decided her to go to father's new home to live.

The new home was on Market Street. It was a frame building. Since a good deal of my early life was spent here, I shall attempt to recall the neighborhood and the people who lived there.

Next to us, there was a large block of brick buildings, owned by the Joseph Richardson heirs. The eldest son, of the last Richardson wife, whose name was Samuel, ran a dry goods store. We familiarly called his mother 'old Josie, Richardson's second wife'. Mr. Joseph Richardson had died with the gout in 1829 or 30. They were Quakers. Her name before marriage was Lydia Myers. The previous wife had died, leaving a son and a daughter. Albert Green Richardson was the boy's name. The daughter lived north of Lisbon and I have forgotten her name. The present Mrs. Richardson had six children, Samuel, Frank, Charlie, Joseph, Louisa and William.

In the back of the brick buildings there were large sheds and buildings of every description. On an alley on the corner there was a lawyer's office. The Richardson house was finely fitted up for those days. But the business manager, that is, Joseph Richardson, was in his grave, and everything went wrong.

Mrs. Lydia Richardson died in 1833 or 34, and there was a sad history connected with her death. I remember her as being such a pretty Quaker lady. They had, before Joseph's death, paintings of all the family, taken by an artist named Morgan.

I remember them; they were considered very correct likenesses of the family. Years later, this same Morgan came to Rising Sun.

Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Richardson's mother, lived with her.

She was very old and helpless and could not speak. She had been forgotten at the time of her daughter's funeral, and she crawled down the stairs and wept and mourned, saying, "Poor Lydia, poor Lydia". When the things were fixed up, she was taken to Canton to live with her son, Mr. Myers, and there were guardians appointed for the younger children. Samuel still continued the store on the corner. He rented the house to a family named Dailey and boarded with them.

On the opposite corner from the Richardson building old Mr. Benjamin Hanna and sons had a dry goods store. One of the sons, Leonard Hanna, was a physician. He married my school teacher, Samantha Converse. Their son, Mark Hanna, was born in New Lisbon September 24, 1837. The family removed to Cleveland in 1852. Mark Hanna was appointed U. S. Senator in 1897, elected Senator in 1897, managed McKinley's campaign in 1900 and was re-elected senator in 1904. He died February 15, at 6:40, in the Arlington Hotel.

Up from my father's, on the same side of the street, was a fancy dry goods store built by Albert Green Richardson. He employed George Hamilton to take charge of it. George was from Wellsville and was not related to us. Next there were a few rooms to let and then George Garretson had a dry goods store. Mr. Garretson also carried on a tannery. They were Quakers and wished to abolish slavery. He was considered a very humane man. They had a sweet little blue eyed daughter named Louisa, about my own age, who was afflicted with scrofula. She and Louisa Richardson and I were inseparable. After Louisa Richardson's mother died and the children were sent away from New Lisbon, the bond of affection between us grew stronger. As her disease progressed, she could not do without me at her bedside. Mother kept me out of school to stay near her. Finally, dear little Louisa Garretson died. My heart was almost broken. The mother was one of those placid, calm Quaker women who made no outward sign of grief. The farmer relatives sat and talked of their crops and business, just the same. I felt wounded to hear them.

Louisa had a brother Hiram, and a sister older than herself named Cynthiann. Mrs. Garretson had lost a baby younger than Louisa. Hiram afterwards married Miss Margarte Armstrong, and they moved to Cleveland. She fell on the stairs of a hotel with heart trouble and died. They had two children. Cynthiann had not married and she raised the two children. I was told afterward that Hiram made a fortune by dealing in whiskey during the war.

Across Market Street from Garretsons lived Mr. Briggs, who kept a tin shop. He and his wife were Quakers and were related to the Garretsons. Farther down the street lived an old couple by the name of Shawk. Mr. Shawk had been a blacksmith, but was too old and feeble to do any work. He would walk out on fine days. His hair was as white as sheep's wool. He was thickset and carried a cane. The old lady was bent so that her chin touched her knees. She was a second wife and had lost her children. One daughter, I think her name was Hannah Reeder, came home to her mother to die. She was a seamstress and rather fine looking. She had consumption.

The old lady was very clean. To get a little money, she made a very nice yeast out of hops. Mother liked this, and I would go three times a week for a pint of her yeast. Mother would often send something to her, which greatly pleased her, and she would say many nice things to me. I remember the old mother trying to stand up straight; but she could only do this for a few minutes.

Old Mr. Shawk had a son who lived one square above on Market Street. He too, was a blacksmith and had quite a large family of children. I remember Ann and Almira. The old man also had a son they felt quite proud of, living in Cincinnati. He was an inventor and had quite a reputation and some means.

In a frame building, opposite my father's store, was an excellent bakery with pies, bread, and the best ginger cakes and beer, kept by a young man named Amos Alison. Peter Cornwell and family lived over the bakery. Next door was a manufactory of tinware vessels used in distilling. Mr. William Cary was the proprietor. He sent to Pittsburgh for a young man, who was an expert in making and handling all such goods, Mr. Mills (?), to be his superintendent, as he, Mr. Carey, was also engaged with a partner in a dry goods business.

My cousin, Susanna Davis, often came to our house in New Lisbon, and Mr. Mills sought an opportunity to become acquainted with her. She was about eighteen and he was twenty-five years of age. Aunt and Uncle were pleased with the appearance of the young man; so there was no opposition. In due time the wedding day was set, and the wedding garments were purchased at my father's store. Mother, being a very fine cake-baker, went out to Aunt Susy's four days before the wedding day. Father, sister, brother and I went out on the afternoon of the wedding day. Quite a number of Uncle James Fife's relatives were there doing the cooking. Turkeys, meats of all kinds, nice bread, rusks and cake, pickles, preserves, jams, apple butter, and honey were prepared to amply supply the feast.

Reverend Clement Vallandigham and his son George were there and several of the young gentlemen of New Lisbon.

Susanna had selected her cousin, Susan Hamilton, and the young man to whom Susan was engaged, George McLaughlin, to be her attendants. The bride wore a beautiful silk dress of ashes of rose shade, made with puffed sleeves. The waist was trimmed in silk lace, very rich, of a cream color, with a little headress of the same. She had a fine head of hair, black. She was pretty and he looked very fine. George McLaughlin looked well. After a suitable time, the feast was served. Toward the winding up, Uncle Jimmy slipped out and brought in an oaken bucket of cider and a gourd and served it to the company for a joke.

There was not much sleeping that night. In the morning a wedding breakfast fit for a king was pre-

pared, and at ten o'clock we were ready to start back to New Lisbon. The wedding party had started for a horseback ride to Wellsville. The bride was a daughter of John Davis who was my mother's brother, and her mother, Aunt Polly, was my father's sister. Aunt and Uncle had adopted her. Her real mother lived west and the great difficulty in traveling prevented her from being present. However, Aunt Susy and Uncle James fixed the young couple up in housekeeping in New Lisbon.

Mr. William Emery Russell, my step-mother's brother-in-law, lived on Market Street, more than a square above us, on a corner on the east side of the street, in a large brick building. His wife was Mrs. Mary Potter Russell. Mr. Russell was a good lawyer and had a good practice. He was a man of fine literary attainments; among the writings which he published for the use of schools was an abridgement of Murray's Grammar, which greatly simplified the work. In politics Mr. Russell was a Whig.

They had five children, the eldest Lucretia, was married in 1835 to Mr. James Mears, a Virginian who had come to New Lisbon in the interests of the Sandy and Beaver canal. The second daughter, Mary Ann, married Dr. Ferdinand Casper, a German who came to New Lisbon and studied medicine with Dr. George McCook. The third daughter married Dr. McVey of Pittsburgh. George E., the youngest child, became a farmer. He had a sunstroke when he was a half grown boy that affected his head and made him unable to pursue his studies. His father gave him a farm near Lisbon, where he married and settled. Mr. and Mrs. Russell lost two sons and one daughter in infancy. The sons were named George, and the daughter Narcissa. Wm. E. Russell died June 11, 1858 of heart failure and paralysis which had been coming on for more than a year. He had gone downtown, and was stricken on his way home, and soon died. He was 62 years and six months of age. His wife married a second time to Mr. John Armstrong, a long resident of New Lisbon. She died 14 years after Mr. Russell's death of paralysis, July 24, 1868, aged 73 years and six months. Mr. Russell and Mary his wife, lie side by side in the cemetery northeast of New Lisbon. I copied the ages and deaths from their tombstones.

Lucretia died at the age of 35 years at her father's in New Lisbon, of spinal disease. She left a husband and two children. Mr. James Mears married again; but I have not the dates.

Mrs. Mary Ann Russell, wife of Dr. Ferdinand Casper, died suddenly while she was making preparations for the celebration of the Doctor's birthday. She was stricken with paralysis and soon died, January 13, 1887. She left several children. Dr. Casper married again. He went to reside at Niles, Ohio.

Laura McVey had several children. Her husband died young. She died suddenly in Pennsylvania. I think she was forty years of age.

Early Newspapers

One of the first publications in Ohio was issued in New Lisbon, 1808, from the press of William D. Lepper, a native of Hanover, Germany. It was a small sheet called "Der Patriot am Ohio". The following year it was printed in English and changed to "Ohio Patriot" and is now, in 1905, edited by Wilson Potts. Until 1818, there being no publication in Cuyahoga County, all the printing for the county came from the "Ohio Patriot". (?) A post office was established in 1809, and mail carried on horseback from Pittsburgh via New Lisbon to Cleveland was supplied once a week. The mails were light.

The Medical Profession

The medical profession in New Lisbon has always been graced by eminent practitioners. Dr. Horace Potter first visited New Lisbon in 1805. He had a large practice, his ride covering a distance extending from twenty to forty miles in all directions. He continued in faithful service for thirty-four years. My father's family went to him and he was one of my mother's physicians when she died. Dr. Potter died in 1841, leaving a family of children. He had been married the second time. His oldest daughters were Eliza and Martha Potter. They were very handsome and accomplished. Both died of consumption before their father.

Dr. George McCook began professional duties as a physician in 1817. His practice became extensive. He was with Dr. Potter in my mother's last sickness. They both wept like children when they found themselves unable to save her. She begged them to save her for her children's sake. Dr. McCook, for his skill and ability in his profession, attracted numerous students in Medicine to New Lisbon. After my mother died, my father, for one year, pursued the study of medicine. He gained much useful knowledge, but unable to suit business to continue, he gave it up. Dr. McCook continued in his work in New Lisbon about thirty years, then removed to Pittsburgh in 1847, where he continued to practice for many years. He died in New Lisbon in 1873.

Parents of Dr. George McCook

His father was George McCook, born in 1750 and died in 1820; his mother, Mary McCormick McCook born in 1763 and died in 1833. Both died in New Lisbon and are buried there. To this worthy couple were born (Dr.) George McCook, (Major) Daniel McCook and (Dr.) John McCook. Dr. George and Major Dan married sisters, Margaret and Martha Latimer, daughters of Abraham Latimer, a native of New Lisbon. The children of Dr. George and Margaret Latimer McCook were Dr. George McCook, Jr. (whom I knew as a boy); Martha McArmstetter, whose husband Theodore Armstetter (Umstetter?), was a partner in the practice of law with Edwin M. Stanton and J. H. Wallace at Lisbon until about 1850; Catharine and Mary Ann married sons of Benjamin Hanna; Margaret McCook Hart (?);

Elizabeth McCook Wallace, whose husband was a prominent member of the bar; and Fanny McCook Childs. There were other children. David McCook was several years old when I knew him. They lost a promising son, a child, with the measles.

Major Daniel McCook and Martha Latimer McCook were the parents of surgeon Latimer McCook, General George McCook, General Robert McCook, General Alexander McD. McCook, General Daniel McCook, General Edwin S. McCook, Charles McCook, Colonel John J. McCook, Midshipman J. James McCook, Mary Jane Baldwin, Catharine McCook, and Martha Curtis. Twelve children.

Dr. John McCook and Mary Sheldon were the parents of General Anson G. McCook, General Edwin M. McCook, Chaplain Henry C. McCook, and Lieutenant John McCook.

All of George's and John's children were born in New Lisbon and of Daniel's Robert and Alexander were born there.

They were War Democrats and all espoused the Union cause, with zeal. They came of Scotch-Irish parentage. Members of the family were in the Mexican War and in the Spanish-American War.

Anson L. Brewer

Anson Brewer came to New Lisbon from Connecticut in the year 1826, and at once took a fair rank at the Bar. Wm. E. Russell's family and he were old friends in the East. In 1829 he was elected Village Recorder and during the same year was junior counsel in the defense of Norton for the murder of Norton in Goshen township. His first wife was a pretty, southern girl. Brewer went on a visit to a very wealthy aunt in the city of Mobile and married this girl and brought her back to New Lisbon. A year afterwards she died of Flux. How well I remember her death. She was about eighteen years of age and so beautiful. He married again in two years to Sarah Endly, the daughter of a prominent family which was in the mercantile business. In 1861 he was commissioned Paymaster in the service of the U.S. and lost his life when the Sultana blew up on the Mississippi, April 27th, 1865.

A Storeboat Trip Down the Ohio in 1839

In 1834, the Sandy and Beaver Canal Company caused visions of commercial greatness to arise in New Lisbon. Mr. Potter, a prominent lawyer of the village, with his own hands performed the ceremony of breaking ground for the enterprise. This was near the old Hughes furnace, and was done in the presence of a large concourse of people who had assembled to witness the imposing ceremony. After this he made a most eloquent speech to the multitude present, in which he set forth in glowing terms the great future of New Lisbon and Columbiana County, which would grow out of the canal project.

The Canal ran from the mouth of Little Beaver on the Ohio River to Boliver on the Ohio Canal, following Little Beaver and the middle fork of the same to New Lisbon, thence crossing the water to the upper waters of a branch of the Sandy, thence with the course of that stream to where it flows into the Tuscarawas River, securing canal connection with Portsmouth and intermediate points to the south, and Cleveland and intermediate points to the north. In following the streams and crossing ridges the canal had many curves, which increased its length. The distance between its terminal points is about forty-five miles on a straight line while the canal was over sixty miles long. During its construction the work distributed capital; and gave employment to many workmen at good prices; furnished a market for the products of the fruitful farms along its course; stimulated the spirit of enterprise; increased the value of real estate along its entire length and for quite a distance on either side, and in many ways was a factor in the development and progress of the country.

The Sand and Beaver Canal failure;
the business crisis and financial
panic of 1837

The canal's early failure was a disastrous blow to New Lisbon. A financial panic of 1837 caused a suspension of the work. Some of the most enterprising citizens removed to other fields of labor. My father, Mr. Jonathan N. Hamilton, Jr., had gone into the mercantile business extensively in New Lisbon, having a bookstore and two branch stores, one north of New Lisbon at Freeds Mill and one west of New Lisbon. When the canal project failed and the financial panic came, he was at a loss to know what to do with the goods. (In an article about Senator Mark Hanna it says that his grandfather, Benjamin Hanna, Sr., was called upon to fill the presidency of the Sandy and Beaver Canal Company. The completion of this stupendous enterprise, on which work was in progress twelve or thirteen years, commencing in 1835, was expected to make of New Lisbon a great city, but only a few boats were dragged over its almost waterless bottom, and the moss and vine covered masonry of its locks tell of its ancient abandonment.) After due consideration, my father built a store boat, took some of his stock and went down the Ohio.

My father's health had become impaired through constant attention to business and these wearing anxieties, and his physician advised the trip. In a few months on the river he closed out his stock of goods and returned in much better health, and he had learned where to go to make a sale of the stock still remaining on his hands. In time he got everything in readiness and built a very complete store boat, deciding to take the family as far as Cincinnati. As I remember the boat now, I feel surprised that he could have planned and built a house so convenient and comfortable for what I supposed would be a pleasure trip down the Ohio,

confidently expecting to return to New Lisbon. We finally embarked on the trading boat, named "Helen": Mary, Mother, Father, Delilah, Ichabod and Helen who was three years old.

While waiting at Wellsville for the river to rise, we had a stream of visitors from New Lisbon, and as we had an extensive acquaintance in Wellsville we had a fine time visiting with them. It was one of those beautiful autumns, the trees were beautiful, the foliage yellow and red, brown and green, shade deepening over shade. There had been some frost, enough to bring the nuts down from the beech, chestnut, hickory, walnut and butternut trees. The wild grapes were plentiful. The boat was sixty feet long, painted white, with green solid shutters. The river was very low and my father felt quite anxious for it to rain so that we could leave. Finally the rain came, the river rose enough to let our boat off.

We had acquaintances who brought us presents of fruit from their orchards; old Mr. and Mrs. Wells brought the largest apples I had ever seen. Mr. Wells prided himself on having the very finest fruit in that vicinity. My father measured the largest of them and we preserved the measurements for a long time, but I have forgotten now what it was. Those apples were kept some time as a curiosity; when they began to show signs of decay, they were cooked and found to be of delicious flavor.

There were several sons of Mr. Wells who were enterprising citizens of Wellsville. The town had received its name from their ancestors. Mr. Ben Wilson was a very prominent business man, then engaged in a large iron manufactory and employing a great many workmen. His wife and sister-in-law had visited us in New Lisbon. Mr. Albert G. Richardson was a very prominent citizen who had built one of the finest residences then, near the bank of the Ohio River. He was a son of Joseph Richardson at New Lisbon. He had been raised in the Quaker faith. He was educated in some of the Eastern colleges, but was converted to the Methodist faith, and became a fine preacher, with all the enthusiasm of the Methodists of that day. Aunt Polly Gaskill who had known the family in New Lisbon when Albert was a young man, knew how much style and elegance (for those days) he had lived in. She could not believe that he would make such a sacrifice. She afterwards made quite an effort to hear him preach. She believed Albert had been truly converted - the change was so perceptible, the deep earnestness and sincerity.

Mr. A. G. Richardson and Miss Lucy Nerceby were married. Her father lived in Virginia, a few miles from Wellsville. Mr. and Mrs. Nerceby were economical, good managing farmers and had become quite wealthy. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson had two children, Elizabeth and Nancy Jane. Elizabeth was about my age and there sprung up at that stay with the store boat a friendship that lasted for some years. I loved Elizabeth.

The beautiful home of A. G. Richardson had been built with great care. Artists were brought from Philadelphia to adorn it, and the furniture, and carpets which had been woven especially for it were very elegant. It was built of brick and stone of a very choice quality. The front door opened in a wide hallway. The parlor on the right hand side had four windows, two on the street and two looked out on the river. I remember the white marble mantle so clear and white and the carpet of very rich dark shading. The nap was so long one sank into it half over one's shoe. A flight of stone steps going down to the river's edge; the verandah beginning and reaching to the end of the library, where the windows were quite low. The books were placed in shelves at the end of the library with handsome portieres in front, looped back artistically with tassels of the shade of the portiere. The library was papered with a very elegant landscape papering. It was the "Chase" and was like fine painting. This is all I remember of the inside of the house. The front sloped down to the river; on each side of the stone steps stood a beautiful summer house, painted white, with gilded domes and covered with choice running roses and honeysuckles. There were seats. There were many choice flowers set in different places on the grounds, but the grass was perfection itself. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson made a small afternoon party for the elder portion of our family, and afterward the younger. I had never before seen anyone so beautifully fixed in every way, in all my life before.

My sister, Harriet Delilah Hamilton, was eighteen years of age in 1838, of a very firm decided nature. She had from our dear Mother's death felt that much depended on her and she must not shrink from any duty. She labored hard to fit herself for any task. She was very energetic in her school work. She attended for some years a private school kept by the three daughters of Porter and Rhoda Converse of Ashtabula County, Ohio. The names were Samantha and Cornelia; I have forgotten the name of the other sister. Samantha later became the mother of Marcus Hanna, who became Senator Hanna, the friend of President McKinley.

Delilah also attended the Quaker Seminary where Jesse Holmes, Benjamin Hanna's son-in-law, was president. It was considered the best school in that part of Columbiana County. The Quakers from all over the country sent their grown-up children to it. It was built near the Quaker school and graveyard. I regret very much that I have no photograph of sister. I will try to give some idea of her appearance. She was of medium height, well formed, sprightly yet dignified. Had a heavy head of dark brown hair, a pretty shaped head, forehead not very high, bright grey eyes, nose inclined to Roman in shape, a pretty mouth, skin fair. Her manner impressed one with her sincerity and honest purpose. Nothing frivolous in her appearance. She took an interest in all around her. (I have never seen anyone that I admired more than sister Harriet Delilah Hamilton). My father presented an Album to me and she was the first to write in it.

"Separation"

"When forced to part from those we love,
 If sure to meet tomorrow,
 We still a pang of anguish prove,
 And feel a touch of sorrow.
 But who can paint the briny tears
 We shed when thus we sever,
 If forced to part for months, for years,
 To part, perhaps forever."

"Answer"

"But if our thoughts are fixed aright,
 A cheering hope is given,
 Though here our prospects end in night,
 We meet again in heaven.
 Yes, if our souls are fixed aright
 'Tis sweet when thus we sever,
 Since parting in a Saviour's love,
 We part to meet forever."

This was also written by Harriet Delilah Hamilton in 1832 in my album. Also the following: To Mary -

"See how beneath the moonbeam's smile
 Yon little billow heaves its breast,
 And foams and sparkles for a while,
 And murmuring then subsides to rest.
 Thus man, the sport of bliss and care
 Rises on Time's eventful sea,
 And having swelled a moment there,
 Then melts into Eternity."

My brother, Ichabod Davis Hamilton, who was then sixteen years of age, was considered a very handsome boy, quiet and dignified in manner, respectful to all. He had attended the schools in New Lisbon and was very fond of study. He was a staunch Presbyterian at first. Later there came to the Quaker school a young man named Mr. Isaac Peneck, with whom he became great friends. Mr. Peneck was a Universalist. They had many arguments on the subject of future punishment. Finally Ichabod began to think that Mr. Peneck was about right. From that time he could not reconcile himself to a future state of misery. Mr. Peneck died when still young.

Ichabod had an especial fondness for sketching, lettering and painting pictures. He lettered advertisements of things for sale, and painted pictures when quite young. Some of his friends told him that he looked very much like the pictures of George Washington, and he decided to paint a picture of himself. He bought a canvas, and had a fine portrait of Washington. He had a small room in which he could lock, as he intended to surprise all with his work when finished. After he got all things together, he permitted Sister and me and two or three others to go in to see it. He had a mirror where he could see himself on one side and George Washington on the other. When he began the work he was full of enthusiasm, he felt quite sure he would soon be a full-fledged artist. The great drawback was the pressing duties outside. If I remember rightly, he spent two months at it and then abandoned it. Sister and I went in at his invitation several times. I was

delighted with his success, but it was not to his own satisfaction. He said, "I have learned now why artists never paint their own pictures." He was very careful in dress. He was very fond of music and determined to learn to play on the flute. He became quite proficient. He made us feel happy with his good music.

My little sister, Helen Narcissa, was then about four years of age. She was Mrs. Abigail Potter Hamilton's first child and Mother idolized her. She was very pretty, with large brown eyes and a heavy head of silky brown hair. She was a very pleasant good child; we all loved Helen dearly. We felt a great responsibility about watching and caring for her on the boat, fearing she might be drowned. The store boat was very neat, all painted in white with trimming of a dark green. A guard with railing reached around the boat and a flight of steps was at the bow and one at the stern. There was a flag staff at the bow and one at the stern. A line of dark steel gray was painted next to the water.

All of our friends gathered down to the boat to see us off. Father had many letters of introduction given to him, to people who lived in the cities and towns along the river. The river was smooth when the "Helen" was pushed out. A little party of young people remained on board for about three miles. They went on deck and enjoyed the fine scenery, exchanging many happy words of cheer and encouragement. When they left us, they stood and waved us out of sight, and we were alone for the first time in weeks. We then began to realize that we were leaving our dear friends that had been so much comfort and company, and we shed tears. We had left our dear Mother's grave and all the pleasant home associations and relatives in New Lisbon. For a time our feelings completely overcame us. Sister said, "Do not let Father see you weep. He has labored so hard to make our voyage a pleasant one. Be cheerful and happy."

At a period when he thought his future was assured, the great panic swept the country in 1837. Father had gone through so many hardships to get ready for the journey, that when we were started he almost collapsed. He had employed an old clerk to collect money that was owed to him around New Lisbon. Father was to write to him when to come to the boat. Each day Father would feel so exhausted, he would think he must send for Martin, and yet he felt anxious to have him attend to the collection of debts. After Father had several fainting spells, he sent for him. We all became thoroughly alarmed about Father's health. Away from home and among strangers, the prospect was far from cheering. I often thought in after life that my mind was so impressed with the fear of being left alone in the world among strangers, that I never had a desire to travel any distance from home and friends to visit even the finest scenery.

Storeboating on the Ohio River. Father teaching us. The closing of the Ohio River and the people at Leathes Run. A Baptist minister, and family, who preached at Sistersville. Brother Ichabod's trip to the mill.

Father began to be better and grew stronger and stronger.

As we travelled along the river, we had a river guide and maps and geography and histories that we studied, and when we landed we went out sightseeing. I took Helen with me. Father and Mother visited friends at the towns, to whom he had letters of introduction. They were wealthy people who would come down to the boat, and often purchase books, medicines and dry goods. In Virginia there were some very nice homes. The Virginians were generally very hospitable and Father and our family were cordially welcomed to their homes. It was a slave state at that time. On the Ohio side there was less style. People lived in rather poor houses. I was detailed to go out among the people and buy milk and cream and fresh eggs. In that way I visited some of the houses. I remember how much I pitied the people I called on, they were so poor in their homes, yet they had good fat cattle and horses that looked well kept, and plenty of hogs, geese, chickens and dogs.

Father felt bad that we had not the advantages of school and he decided to devote some time to teaching us. First he had us read and study the Word of God. He felt interested in nothing so much as the salvation of our immortal souls. Mother and Sister were converted and had become Methodists at a revival of religion under the ministry of Alcimus Young in 1836. Brother Ichabod and I were raised in the strictest manner in the Presbyterian Church and I have no remembrance of the time when I was without religious emotions. I always wanted to be a Christian, but I was of a shrinking nature and it frightened me when called upon to express myself on matters pertaining to religion and my soul's salvation. I felt so badly that I would almost go into spasms. I enjoyed secret prayer and loved to read the Word of God and loved the instructions and church services, but felt paralyzed when called upon to express my feelings. I loved the Saviour and fully believed he was the Son of God and I trusted in him being able and willing to save me. Brother Ichabod was not as much interested in it as any of the rest. He did not like to hear of future punishments; he felt that life was hard enough. He felt that we had a wrong view of the future state. We had many discussions on religious topics.

We took up our other studies of reading, writing and mental and practical arithmetic, history, grammar and geography, and for a time felt quite encouraged, but interruptions were frequent and often we were unable to study, and we did not progress. I kept a journal during that time. I regret I found it a burden to keep it up and burned it, thinking I certainly would never forget all about the journey.

The river being very low and the weather turning cold, soon there was ice. First we were caught at a place called Sistersville, Virginia. The ice grew so heavy, Father came near having his pretty boat cut down. He hired several strong men with long poles with spikes in the ends to stand on the guards next to the river and ward the ice off. That lasted for two days and nights, and it turned much warmer and we floated down to a good harbor about twelve miles below to a stream called Leathes Run on the Ohio side. We felt safe in this harbor.

There was quite a high embankment with a good driveway up to a large old log house, that in former days had been a hotel, with a little room built on for a drug store. The occupants of this house were two old people, and a bachelor son. Morelands was their name. The old lady was a woman of intelligence, although she had been born and raised at this place. Her father was an Irish physician who was educated in the old country and came out with a large family of sons, she being the only daughter and the youngest. The sons went back; the mother died, and the daughter took care of the father until he died at an advanced age. The farm was given to her. She was highly respected although she had married much beneath her. Mr. Moreland was a strolling Frenchman with but little education. John was the son, living with them; two daughters were married and living in Virginia a few miles away.

Old lady Moreland was a Presbyterian, and when she learned that my father had been an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, she was in her element. She had a cousin who lived two miles and a half up the river. She and her husband were very religious people, and had a Bible Class which met at their home once a week for instruction. They were Presbyterians also. There was a Methodist Church two miles back from the river, that held services every Sabbath. John Moreland was a member and a Class Leader. We walked over on Sundays. The services were good.

The river closed and people walked over on the ice. It was cold until the last of February. Father kept up good fires. Wood was plentiful, so we were comfortable. Mother spent her time doing sewing for the family. She and Sister pieced a number of fancy quilts, but we did not have room in which to quilt them so folded them away, and for five years afterward, and when at leisure, Mother would take out a quilt and put in frames in rooms not used and would work, always quilting too close, putting on more work than necessary.

There was a Baptist minister at Sistersville who was a very earnest Christian, full of energy, and who was greatly beloved by his church. Father and Mother went to hear him preach. Father was told how poorly he was paid and that he had a very delicate wife and five children over in miserable quarters in Virginia. Sister inquired the way to their home when they called at the "Helen". Father gathered a little basket of groceries and we walked over on the ice to their place of living. People had not misrepresented the poverty of the home. Stakes were driven down in the ground and slats laid across for beds, with straw ticks and bedding; the table was in the middle of the room with a cover on it. The chairs were of the rudest kind, with a rag carpet spread on the ground floor.

The eldest child was a daughter of fourteen years of age, and the baby a little boy of eighteen months. When we went to the door Mrs. _____ was shocked at seeing us; she remarked, "Do not think we have always lived in this way." But soon after she became composed and told much of their history, which I have now forgotten. She could not express her gratitude enough for the articles we had taken to them. From that time on they called often at the "Helen" and when we left Sistersville she stood on the

bank and repeated some beautiful poetry, which she felt was fitting for the occasion. Weeks after that, after a heavy fall of snow, Reverend and Mrs. _____ came in a sleigh to see us and visited us two days and nights. The poor baby had quite a sick spell while they stayed. Father gave them some goods, groceries and books.

While at Leathes Run, our flour barrel became so low that brother Ichabod hired a horse and took a flour bag to the mill. After he had started, the wind blew cold and there came a sharp sleet. He had taken provisions with him, but the wind had to be faced. Father was nearly wild with anxiety. At dusk he returned, almost perished with cold, but holding on to his bag of flour. He was ill for two weeks. The skin peeled off his cheeks and ears. In after life he watched the flour barrel closely; he did not wish to repeat the experience.

Mrs. Moreland and I made maple sugar. The ice went out of the river. We arrived at the City of Cincinnati May, 1839. Moved on Sixth Street between Western Row and John Street corners. Father took typhoid fever.

Late in February the sun started the maple trees to running sugar water. There was a fine camp near the Moreland farm and all turned out, carrying the sap and boiling it down to syrup. We reveled in buckwheat cakes and syrup. Once in a while a deer would attempt to cross the river and my father would capture it. Squirrels were plentiful, also ducks, fish and birds - quails who sang "Bob-white", whippoorwills, birds of red, blue and tan color plumage that made the woods sound with their beautiful songs.

Finally the river began to rise and the ice would crack and start, and all the people along the shore would stand and look. It kept up for two days and nights. Finally, with a tremendous roar, it started. It took several days to run out. Then Father made ready to leave. Quite a number of people came to see us off. Old lady Moreland, John and the father said they never would forget the Hamiltons and the boat "Helen", as long as they lived. Father gave Mrs. Moreland some Presbyterian books, and John, the son, the "Life of John Wesley", and the old gentleman, two or three comic Almanacks, and a yellow "Bandanna" silk handkerchief.

The boat was not frozen in after that. Father went vigorously to work to make as many sales as he could. He had quite a stock of old fashioned goods for men and boys, which he had bought cheap. He had advertisements sent on in advance of the boat, and he would sell them at auction. That brought quite a good number to the boat. There was a man who had a store boat, who managed to keep ahead of the "Helen". He sold whiskey and left behind him at every place five or six drunken, quarrelsome fellows. Father called on him and asked him why he did so, telling him what a sin it was, and of the fearful consequences. He said, "I came on the river to make some money, and I find I can do better on selling whiskey than anything I have in stock. If I did not sell it to those fellows, they would get it anyway." After that Father ran night and day and got far enough ahead not to be annoyed.

Three young men from Pittsburgh were selling out a stock of old style goods. They were very nice gentlemen. They had several pets on board, a fine dog and a nice, large tomcat, an owl that was a great curiosity, and a possum. They called on sister and brother. Father and Mother were quite cordial to them. They knew many in Pittsburgh that had visited New Lisbon. They invited Helen and me to come to see the pets. That owl was a great curiosity; we walked round and round the cage. The head seemed to be on a pivot, turning and looking with his big eyes after us. I dreamed of that owl, night after night. Finally we became separated and some time afterward Father met Mr. Wilson in Cincinnati.

The weather had grown quite warm and the scenery along the river was fine. We felt like spending much of our time on deck. We were full of anticipations in reaching the City of Cincinnati. We had read its history and had many daydreams of its beauties. When we came in sight of the beautiful wharf, and so many fine steamers, the magnificent houses, and the high hills and across the river the fine houses - it looked like a fairyland. Cincinnati then was very clean.

Our friends, A. G. Richardson and family, had sold their elegant home in Wellsville, and had moved to Cincinnati. They called on Father and Mother. They had taken a house on Broadway. They took a great interest getting a house for us. Mrs. Richardson's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton, had intended to spend the summer at Mrs. Heaton's father's in Virginia.

After we moved in this house on Sixth Street between Western Row and John, my father became ill with typhoid fever. He had violent chills and raging fever. By that time the New Lisbon acquaintances began calling on them-- Able Shawk, Thomas Heaton and A. G. Richardson. At that time there were no street cars; a few omnibus lines were running. So it made it necessary for people to keep their own conveyances. Father was called upon and taken to ride very kindly, but he became too ill to even sit up.

Martin Armstrong had to go back to New Lisbon for a short time, and brother Ichabod was left alone with the care of the "Helen", it was lonely at night, and I would go to the boat before dark. This was in July. The river had begun to fall quite rapidly. The "Helen" settled crossways on a log, and when brother woke he found the boat see-sawing on the log. A good size packet boat came along and threw some heavy waves, and as the boat tipped down at the stern the door was burst open with the force of the waves. I was sleeping in an upper berth and had hung up my dress. Ichabod called me and I sprang out and stood on the table and put on my clothes. It was four o'clock in the morning and breaking day. I ran up the wharf to a boatmen's hotel and called the boss of a lot of workmen and told him the "Helen" was sinking and her cargo was floating out the stern door. Before we had reason to expect him, he was down with his force of men to help brother Ichabod, who sent me home at once to let them know what had happened. There was no one on the street but some milk and bakery wagons. I rang the door bell and Mother came at once to the door. She was pale as death, she gasped out, "Is Ichabod murdered?" I told her what had happened.

Father had been much worse and Dr. Lawson, who lived a few doors away had been over during the night. The doctor had given a tablet to quiet him and he had fallen to sleep. When he heard my voice, he tried to get out of bed and fell on the floor. I got the doctor and told of the circumstance. He said, "This may cause his sudden death, or the shock may be a benefit." My father revived and was helped on an easy chair and asked me to tell him all about it. And from that time on he planned what should be done. He sent for the boss and gave directions about saving the cargo and pumping the water out. There was a pump near the bow and one near the stern.

They got the boat off of the log and raised her and made repairs. In a few days she was dried out and scrubbed. The pretty paper on the wall looked badly. Father had several boxes of books he had made arrangements to sell. He got scarcely anything afterwards for these.

My poor father felt then that his life was a wreck and that he was drifting before the chilling blasts of adversity.

"For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature should be able to separate him from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, the Lord."

Thus his soul, battered with misfortune, let in new light and comfort.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress?"

So from his grief he rose, and so at length he felt new life returning, when once the sinking dizzy spells were gone. (This took place 66 years ago last July).

When my father's friends heard of his misfortune and sickness, they kindly came and offered assistance.

Mr. John F. Keys lived in the same block of buildings, next to us. He had lost his wife with cholera and his family consisted of sons, Richard and Samuel, and daughters, Evaline and Virginia. Another daughter had married a Presbyterian minister, and died. While we lived there Mr. John F. Keys went to Baltimore and brought home a wife. During that period, Reverend Hopkins lived across the street. The Catholics started an orphan asylum in the next building.

I went with the Keys girls to Dr. Wilson's church and to Dr. Thornton W. Mills at the third Presbyterian Church often. Mother and sister having become members of the Methodist Episcopal Church sought out the Wesley Chapel. Reverend A. G. Richardson was a member there and introduced mother and sister.

August 7th, 1839, my father, Jonathan Hamilton, my brother, Ichabod D. Hamilton, and Martin Armstrong, with a very good dog, started out to make another trip on the "Helen". Father was still very weak and brother quite run down in health. We all went to the bank of the Ohio River and watched them off. The ferryboat crashed into guards of the "Helen", breaking them and disfiguring the boat to start out with.

Sister Harriet Delilah went to Mrs. Westerfield to learn Millinery business. We moved onto Broadway near Spring Street; joined the Wesley Chap. Reverend John Newland Moffit- evangelist. Rev. E. W. Sihon was pastor for two years; Rev. Gaddis, Rev. Ebberts, Rev. Christie, Rev. Hamlin and others.

My sister then determined she would hunt up some good millinery store and learn that business, and prevail upon father to leave the river. She accordingly went to the best stores to find out what terms she could enter. Westerfields on Main Street between third and fourth was then a flourishing millinery store. She accordingly made up suitable clothing and when father came home, he went with her and made the contract, paying quite a little sum for her to have instruction in all the branches of millinery work. They required nine steady month's work.

We had left Sixth Street, as the Thomas Heaton family returned from Virginia, and took a brick house on Broadway between Woodward and Spring Streets. This was opposite Woodward College. George Townley owned a block of brick buildings next above. F. F. Cary lived in one and John Townley in the other, and George Townley next to us. We found it a good neighborhood.

Rev. James Kilbreth of the Methodist book concern lived on the corner of Woodward and Broadway and Henry Handys family lived on Woodward Street. There were quite a number of them, Edward, Henry, Truman, Frank, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Susan. Mr. Handy's sister, Mrs. Parkinson (?), and her son, John Gibbons, who was a fine singer, lived on Broadway.

During the year I made several trips down the river on the "Helen", which I enjoyed.

Reverend John Jewland Maffit preached for about two months at Wesley Chapel and left for Maysville, Ky. There was a very devout Christian minister by the name of Hamlin; also an earnest minister they styled Father Collins, and Father Wales.

Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis, Rev. E. W. Schon, Rev. Isaac Ebberts, Rev. Wm. B. Christie... During the revival services, my friend Elizabeth Richardson had been a loving companion. She and I joined the Church together. Sister Delilah and I were placed in the John Wesley Hopkins class which met in one of the classrooms at Wesley Chapel. It was a mixed class of about forty members. There was a good class leader who made the exercises very interesting and instructive. There was good singing.

We were afterwards given a Sabbath school class and requested to become members of the _____ society, and a bible class, and a temperance league.

Sister completed her Millinery trade and father opened a store for her, March 1st, 1841, No. 61 on 5th Street between Walnut and Vine. We moved on the 19th of March.

Sister completed her millinery work and Father decided to quit the river. He sold the "Helen" and rented a new store of John Taylor, number 61, between Walnut and Vine

Streets, near Lodges Alley. This was done the first of March, 1841 and the rent was \$200 per year. We moved in the 19th of March; the building was intended as a store and a dwelling. Father started on a small scale until he could try it for one year. Sister got three of the best milliners and they went to work. Business came in, to their great satisfaction. It was a busy time for all of us; but we liked the excitement. The Fifth Street Market House was opposite the store. We had a large custom, and, if father had been in better health, he could have done a fine business.

On October 20th, 1841, a little daughter was born to mother. Mother's dear friend, Mrs. Heaton, had lost a little girl named Virginia, and she begged mother to name the child for hers, which was done. Virginia was a very small child. The physician said she would not live. She could not retain sufficient nourishment. Her throat was too small. Dr. Mussy insisted that mother let him enlarge it by putting a rubber tube in. But she would not consent to the operation, and clung to her baby.

The subject of slavery agitated everyone. The Underground Railway was passing fugitive slaves through to Canada, and this excited the riotous, lawless element of Cincinnati. Mr. Burnett, who kept a confectionary, was an Abolitionist. His store was on Fifth Street, near us. On one occasion a mob came howling down the street to his store. The family fled, leaving them in possession of the place. The mob searched, as they claimed, for the fugitives concealed in the building. They broke and destroyed all the soda fountain fixtures, cut glass bottles and jars of confections. This naturally created a great excitement. Father and the clerks closed our store.

We had a young lady friend spending the day with us, Miss Maria Dandy, who lived three miles out in the country. She had heard of a very eloquent preacher who was having meetings at the new St. Cold (?) Church. She wanted us to go with her. Brother Ichabod, sister Harriet Delilah and I started to the church to be sure of a seat. After going in the church we heard loud talking outside and there was no move toward beginning the services. Brother advised that we go back home. By the time we were two squares away, we met the mob running for the church. When we got home, father was upset and at a loss to know what to expect.

The mob dragged the Abolitionist press down Main Street and threw it into the river. Fires would spring up among the Negro shanties. Riot ruled, until the militia was called out. To protect the colored people, they were taken to jail and soldiers were placed to guard them. It was a night of terror.

After it was all over, father again studied the situation and decided to move to Rising Sun, Indiana.

We were all greatly in love with Cincinnati. No other large city of the United States affords such a variety of position and scenery. Its site is one which a painter would choose for its beauty, and a shrewd mechanic for the utmost facilities of building, and of water, and of drainage. Added to all, we had formed some very pleasant acquaintances and friends. It was hard to break away from all these.

'But I had leaned upon the Lord, and my times were in His hands. Why should I doubt or fear? A father's hand will never cause his child a needless tear.'

"Rising Sun is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Ohio River, 96 miles southeast of Indianapolis, and 35 miles a little west of south of Cincinnati. It is located on what might be termed high bottom land, the ground gradually rising from the river bank to a distance of some four hundred yards, and then gradually descending to the dry branch of Arnold's Creek. The ground then gradually rises for a distance of half a mile to the foot of a range of hills which rise several hundred feet above low water in the Ohio. As may be expected from such a situation, the city is very healthy."

Father rented a store on Main Street in Rising Sun. There was a large room back of the store and a room above. After father and brother fixed up the store, I went down and got the back room ready for mother, the baby, and the rest. Boarding could not be obtained. After all, the family was together in Rising Sun; my father offered a widow lady, Mrs. Scott, a big rent to let us have the house she owned opposite the store. She accepted the offer and we were soon fixed up in very comfortable style, and settled. Sister still worked at her millinery and the baby grew, although it was still quite small.

Every now and then, friends came down from the city to visit with us and we in turn went to the city. Rev. A. G. Richardson, Rev. E. W. Schon (Sihon), Rev. Hamlin and others came and preached. Miss Mary Ann Inskip came and made a long visit with us. During the next year we went up to Cincinnati to Duck Creek Camp Meeting, renewing our acquaintance among the church members.

Father felt encouraged with Rising Sun because business expenses were not high. Rising Sun had a good class of citizens. The Methodist Episcopal Church was building, though not completed. Reverend John W. Sullivan was the pastor. Father, mother, sister and I became members. William Mapes was my class leader. We made many friends in the church and soon felt quite at home. "Blest be the tie that binds our heart in Christian love."

The first settlers of Rising Sun were John Fulton and his wife, Jane Dills, their son Samuel Fulton and his wife, Mary Huston, and her brother Christopher Huston. This was in 1798. Thomas Covington and Robert Covington came in 1813, and in 1816 their sisters came,-- Eunice and Polly, who married the Hayman brothers. Thomas Covington went to the vicinity of Hartford and married Polly Nichols. Robert Covington married Mary Fulton, daughter of Samuel Fulton. Their son was Samuel Fulton Covington, who started out as a steamboat clerk and became a Cincinnati insurance man. (See the Fulton-Hamilton-Covington family of Rising Sun, Indiana, by J. C. Williams)

"The Hamilton's of Rising Sun

When Samuel Fulton Covington married Miss Mary Hamilton, daughter of one of the town's leading merchants, I obtained a most literary great-grandmother. He asked for her hand in the approved manner."

"Rising Sun
March 25, 1843

Mr. J. Hamilton
Respected Sir:

You are perhaps aware of the position in which I stand towards one member of your family, and it is now necessary that I should respectfully request your acquiescence to my intentions before proceeding further.

Without multiplying words, the favor I have to ask is this. If it be consistent with your will, I shall be most happy to have your consent to a union with your daughter Mary.

Sincerely hoping that you will look upon this matter in a favorable light and that you will grant this request, I subscribe myself,

Very respectfully yours,
Sam'l F. Covington"

"Rising Sun
March 25, 1843

Mr. Sam'l F. Covington
Dear Sir,

I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of a polite note from you this morning. And with regard to the union of which you speak - I would just say that feeling as all parents do (or should) an anxious solicitude for the temporal and more particularly the eternal welfare of my children - I have no objection to the formation of a union that would secure those objects.

Yours sincerely,
J. Hamilton"

Married, the second day of April, 1843, Sunday evening, by the Rev. John W. Sullivan, Samuel Fulton Covington, son of Robert E. and Mary F. Covington, to Mary Hamilton (author), daughter of Eleanor Davis and Jonathan Hamilton, Jr., formerly of New Lisbon, Ohio.

A small company of friends and relations were present. Dr. Wm. James was the best man and sister Harriet Delilah, the maid. The bride wore white silk mull trimmed in folds to the waist, flowing sleeves and bodice trimmed in real lace, hair curled with bunches of white Lilies of the Valley. The groom wore the conventional black coat, white vest and white kids. The best man and the maid near the same.

Rev. John W. Sullivan and wife were the first to congratulate, then came father and mother, and Mr. Covington's grandfather, Col. Samuel Fulton and brother John B. Covington, James H. Pepper, Wm. Jelley, Mr. and Mrs. Elan Niles, Miss Jane Scott, Miss Kate Rutter (Mr. Covington's mother was suffering with a swollen face and could not be present). After the congratulations, mother had an excellent supper, Mrs. Niles, Jane and Kate doing the entertaining. We had selected Sabbath after church to keep the young men from shivareeing.

The next day, Monday, our friends came and the house was filled all day. Mother had made ample provisions, coffee cake and meats, pickles and candies and cream.

The next evening we were invited to Dr. Basil James to a party. Mr. Covington was called away on business for a short stay.

When Mr. Covington returned we selected a home on Grand Street and went to work to get ready for housekeeping. In due time Sally and John came to Rising Sun and there were several parties given and all went merry. Mr. Covington had taken an office on the river bank. The lower part of it was vacated and Mr. Covington rented it and we moved on the river bank next to the Haydens.

LISBON REVISITED

5542 Covington Ave.
Madisonville, Ohio
August 4, 1905

After much thought and preparation, and calls and congratulations from the neighbors and from friends, and the closing up of the dear old home, our kind relative, Mr. Calvin Hidden was on hand to see us on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with the numerous trunks, dress suitcases and handbags. Our relatives, Mr. Frank Alexander, the two Fannies and Dr. George Creager were at the depot to see Mrs. S. F. Covington (me), daughter Florence C. Hidden and Master Harry Hidden off to celebrate my 80th birthday, on August the 6th, at Lisbon, Columbiana Co., Ohio, among my relatives and friends still living there.

When we arrived at the depot at Grand Central, our relative Joseph Cox was there to see us cared for. We went across Third Street to the Grand Hotel and ordered a six o'clock dinner. Whilst we were at table, Mr. Cal Hidden came in. He had found one of our trunks which had been left at Madisonville, and fearing that we might miss getting it, came in with it himself. After the meal we went to the C. H. and D. depot and they saw us off on the Erie Railroad. Joe introduced us to a friend of his that was going East. Since we were alone, we were glad to know some gentleman.

After a comfortable night's rest, we arrived safely at Niles, Ohio. It is a manufacturing town. The depot is a good way out. It was early, I think five o'clock. Florence looked around, but only met with snubs from the man in the depot. She went out and got a carriage to take us to the hotel. We went to what was said to be the best, and told the driver to come in ample time to see us to the train again. We got a room and washed and combed and dressed over again; and then went down to a very poor breakfast. We rode to the depot, the driver showing me the house that cousin Mary Ann and Dr. Casper lived in for so many years. They are both dead now. They have a daughter living in Mansfield.

We waited quite a little while before the train came at ten o'clock. Our train was for Lisbon and we arrived there at noon. Cousin Mary Myers and cousin Randall Hamilton were at the station to meet us. Randall had a fine little automobile, only large enough for himself and one other. Harry stood at my back. We soon arrived at the house; Mary and Florence, walking, arrived a little later. We met with a hearty welcome.

William Myers' family consists of my double cousin, Mrs. Nancy Hamilton Myers, who is a daughter of William Hamilton and Elizabeth Davis Hamilton. There is one daughter at home. Nancy, the second child, makes her home in Cleveland, and has for the last six years, with her relatives, the Cook Dempsey children. Mr. Cook having lost his wife six years ago, Nancy has taken charge of the family. Mary stays at home with her mother and father. The father is 81 years of age and the mother 79. They are quite feeble now. Mr. Myers had a large carriage manufactory for quite a number of years.

The Myers home is a model of convenience: two stories and beautifully painted green and white, a verandah in front, with pretty porch chairs. There is a border of sky blue flowers, quite small ones that I have never seen before. There is a reception hall with a fireplace and a gas log. Back of the hall is a room that they use for a bedroom for the old people. It has an oak folding bed with glass in front, a pretty woven rug on the floor, a handsome table and rocker, and chairs, with pictures on the wall. The dining room is quite large and has a handsome table, chairs and sideboard. There are two windows and out of the dining room door is a porch and out of the bedroom leads to the kitchen. Upstairs is a large front room over the parlor and a small room over the hall. I was given a room over the dining room with three fancy windows to let in light and air. Mr. Myers and Mr. Bristol carried up our trunks and placed them in my room. Florence and Harry took the front bedroom.

Mr. Bristol is a gentleman who is in some manufacturing establishment. He has boarded with the Myers for many years. He is fine looking and a bachelor of about 45 years of age. He took a room away from the house to let us have his room; but he takes his meals with the Myers.

Miss Mary is a small, sprightly woman, quite pleasant and with a kind face. She has for years taken care of her invalid mother and kept the house. Cousin Nancy has the same kindly sweet face that she had when a child. All of her own sisters are dead except for one, Mrs. Elizabeth Hasson. Nancy had written for her to come, but a little grandchild having been lately born, detained her. I was disappointed in not seeing her.

As I am now the eldest living member of the two earliest pioneer families of Columbiana County, Jonathan Hamilton Sr. and Ichabod Davis Jr., it seems a most fitting circumstance for us to be brought together at this time.

Sunday, the 6th of August, my eightieth birthday. Glad and festal moments come to the saddest and most weary hearts. Angels spread the refreshing banquet. A new song of hope breaks from the lips. At such times life seems like a chalice mixed by the loving hand of God.

I awoke at an early hour and arose from bed, dressed and walked up Chestnut Street, looking at the old familiar houses that have been so finely kept. Their gardens are bordered with flowers. Old memories brought the faces and forms of the friends I had known in childhood. Their histories passed before me as if I was in a dream. I walked on through the center of town, through a beautiful park with a fountain, and the large fine court

house built of stone. The buildings are all well built, there are wide granite sidewalks, beautiful shade trees and flowers artistically placed here and there in the close mowed lawns. The streets are paved with vitre-fied brick and were so clean and nice. I went past the house where my father had kept a dry goods store on one side of the hall and a book store on the other, and finished up for a dwelling house. There had been changes made in the building. Three stores were in it now, without the private dwelling. There were store-rooms above and back.

I then went up to the house my father built. The house is of brick with a wide hall and a large parlor in front. It was beautifully kept up and the side yard filled with choice flowers. It is owned by Judge Marbin. He had gone with his daughter to Niagara Falls and Atlantic City. I then went up Market Street to where William E. Russell lived and built in 1834. The Russell house had been improved by having a handsome porch built in front. It is a good substantial brick house. It had been painted recently.

I returned, going past the fine new Presbyterian Church, and then down through the center of Lisbon, I passed the new elegant Lepper Library. I felt as I walked along that some of the old people would come out and speak to me.

When I returned to the Myers home, Mr. Myers had just milked his Jersey cow and was bringing in a large bucketful of milk, and cousin Nancy, with her colored help, had breakfast near ready. We soon sat down, Mr. Meyers, Nancy, Mary, Mr. Bristol, Florence, Harry and myself.

The weather was beautiful. I told all about my walk, what attracted my attention most, and what I remembered of the old times when I was a child.

As Nancy and Mary had invited a few of the near relatives to dinner, we did not attempt to go out to church, but got ready to receive friends: Mathias Hamilton, Christina, his sister, and Randall, his son. Nancy's father's son and daughter and grandson; Mr. and Mrs. Glenn and two daughters, Miss Alice and Grace Glenn, were there.

The table fairly groaned with good things, and we did ample justice to them. At the last, Mary brought in a beautiful birthday cake made from a Martha Washington recipe. It was beautifully iced, and there were eight fine wax candles on the cake. It was given to me to blow out, and I cut the cake.

There were many pleasant things said which brought back my youth to me, at whose magic touch, the fairy land arose once more in all its splendor, and I felt that life was beautiful and earth is fair. Old memories rushed over my mind of faces and friends of the past.. of those happy days when life's dreams were all bright. God bless that memory.

After the feast was over, we all seated ourselves on the verandah to have our photographs taken by the two Miss Glenns who had brought their camera. Just then a telegram came from Madisonville to Mrs. S. F. Covington

from F. Alexander's wife, Mrs. Elmmis, and Mr. Cal Hidden and wife: "Congratulations and wishing you many happy returns of your birthday."

In the afternoon several called and kept coming until bedtime; Nancy being so frail, we felt the excitement might be too much for her.

Monday, August 7th, 1905. A cool, pleasant morning. I had a refreshing night's sleep. Everyone was well and happy. Miss Mary Myers had engaged a three seated conveyance from the livery stable with the proprietor, Mr. Van Tossen, to drive. We started at nine o'clock. Cousin Nancy was too feeble to make the trip and Mr. Myers would not leave her. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn and their two daughters, Florence, Harry and a neighbor boy, with Mr. Van Tossen to drive, and myself made up the party. Mrs. Glenn was cousin Susan's daughter who married a lawyer; he was clerk of the court for years, but now is unfitted for business because of two paralytic strokes. They have three daughters, one is married and lives near them and two are single, Miss Alice and Miss Grace. They took their camera with them.

We drove over Beaver Creek, going by the Nace property that looked as it did when I was a child. Houses had been built all along Washington Street (on which cousin William Myers lives) on both sides, and quite a town had grown up across the creek towards the center of Lisbon and there were some pretty homes along the road crossing the creek. The first place of interest was the land of Uncle William Hamilton that had passed into Silk Gowers possession. Mr. Glenn pointed out a tract of land that was owned by my mother's father, Ichabod Davis. It was beautiful land and we got out and took a good view from a prominent peak. Mr. Glenn knew just where the land began and where it came to other property.

The next thing that took my attention was the Joab Gaskill land. I remembered an incident when I was ten years of age, being caught in a furious thunderstorm here. It frightened me terribly. The old homestead with the out-buildings is still standing. We found, on a ridge, the old Gaskill cemetery. It had a good fence around it. All the land was filled with graves. They were placed very close together and only a few had tombstones. They had planted myrtle that had grown very thick, and there were a few rosebushes; but there was no room for any more graves. The ground was filled.

We took down a few names from the tombstones that were still in good shape.

"William Hamilton, died October 11, 1846, born July 1793". He was Nancy Myers father and Mrs. Glenn's, and Mary's grandfather, and my uncle. His daughter by his first wife, Julia Hamilton, a maiden lady, died April 4, 1869, aged 45 years. Another daughter is buried there: "Louisa Hamilton, daughter of William and Elizabeth Davis Hamilton, died February 19, 1879, aged fifty years, 5 months and 21 days."

"Abraham Gaskill died in 1877, aged 91 years, 5 months and twenty-one days." One of his wives, Margaret Howard Gaskill died at 35 years of age (I think in 1833). I knew them when I was a child.

We then drove to my father's farm. It is now in the possession of a second cousin of mine, Mr. John Diltz Ramsay. The old house has been removed and a very nice commodious building, which is not entirely completed, erected. Mr. Ramsay was not at home; but his wife and two children came out to the carriage. We told our errand, and she joined in hunting the old well that my father had dug more than eighty years since. When it was found, the young ladies got out the camera and took my photo.

After pleasantly talking of old times, we started for the old Hamilton homestead where I had visited so often whilst grandfather and grandmother lived there.

Grandfather Hamilton's. We drove down to the old house. It looked dilapidated. There still stood the stone kitchen with the same cupboard. The house had been finished in frame construction; there was a large reception room, four rooms on the second floor and two on the third. There were two porches in front. It all looked unkept. The weeds and the grass needed cutting. The house had been sold to a carpenter who had been too busy since he took possession to attend to anything. His wife had a fine looking baby three weeks old; a little boy of two and a half years completed the family. She said her husband would begin repairs on the place as soon as he got through with the contracts that were rushing him now.

I tried to get down to look in at the spring underneath the loom house; but the old steps were broken. The girls again used the camera and took photos. We drank of the cool clean spring water and bade the (baby) sister and the woman goodbye. My grandfather came here in 1807. He had a large family, ten children. My father, Jonathan Hamilton was the youngest child. They lived in the stone part of the house first. When the children were all married off, in 1835, they gave up the care of the farm and moved into New Lisbon, as it was then called. Uncle Joseph Hamilton then took the old place.

Uncle Joseph and Aunt Hannah had lived on this road on higher grounds. After they took the place, he made many needed improvements and fixed it to look fine. Uncle Joseph had married a Miss Hannah Spencer who was of Irish parentage. Their children were John Diltz, James, Jonathan and Kisia, Mary Ann, Susan and Joseph. Aunt Hannah's mother lived with her and I think died there. She had come from Dublin, Ireland. The parents are all dead now, but some of the children still live around.

Aunt Susy Fife had always been such a feature in the family. We wanted to see the old place she had lived in for sixty years. She died in this old home having reached the great age of ninety-six years, nine months and five days. She was married to James Fife, August 30, 1810; her home was hereafter with him on this farm near West Point. During the war of 1812, she remained on the farm for a time alone, with the true spirit of a pioneer woman, while her husband rendered service to his country. She had no children of her own; but, at different times during her life, she had taken and cared for, as her own, six orphan children, all of her own immediate family. Only two of those survive, Captain J. Mills, editor of the Northwest () and Mrs. Jonathan Hasson, whose family inherited the Fife farm.

The old Fife homestead has passed into the possession of a company that has been buying up considerable land in Ohio.

As we came along the old road, my mind was active in bringing back many pictures of the long ago. One scene stood out vividly:- of riding out there with a number of my relatives to witness the marriage of cousin Susan Davis to George Mills; the gay, happy time we had, and of the feast after the marriage. There was another pleasant affair: a reception with a grand supper when Mr. Hasson's daughter and Dr. Ichard's son returned from their wedding. And the journey when Mr. Covington and I were at Lisbon on a visit. Then came a picture of somber hue. It was the funeral of my cousin, Sarah Louthon. Grandmother had raised her from a little girl of seven years of age. She was grandfather's and grandmother's eldest daughter Rachel's child. She had liver trouble. She took a trip which she and everyone else thought would be beneficial, but grew suddenly worse and died.

Another picture was: riding out with Louisa Lee and Mr. Myers and meeting Aunt Susy Fife walking down the lane with crutch and cane. How cordially she could welcome her friends. But it would take too much space and time to write down all the pictures that passed before me. My baby sister died at Aunt Susy's. My father, sister Delilah, and brother Ichabod and myself went out for our last look at Nellie. How sad we felt. Aunt Susy's house has fallen to decay. It is tenantless. A flock of fine looking sheep was running over the porches; the wind had blown off the roof of an outbuilding. The beehives and the cherry trees were gone. All had the appearance of age and decay.

We went up the hill, and I remembered, as a child, listening to the echo on the top of the hill. We tried hard to make sounds that would come back; but the atmosphere there was not in the right mood.

We drove along, looking at Uncle Joe Fife and Aunt Katy's home and lands. Cousin gave us a history of Aunt Katy and her family, Dr. Ichard and family. Aunt Katy was 92 when she died. We drove around to Mrs. Glenn's home with the forty acres of land. Her father, Mr. George McLaughlin lived some years after his wife, Susan, died and Mrs. Glenn took care of him. He gave the place to her; he lived eleven years after Susan Hamilton McLaughlin died.

Mrs. Glenn and daughters prepared a nice treat. She has rented the house to a good tenant. The man raises everything that the forty acres will grow. She reserved the parlor and an upstairs room leaving furniture, rugs, beds and bedding, dishes, tables and chairs. So we had it nice. The table was set. There was bread, butter, pies, two kinds of cake, pickles, jelly, hardboiled eggs, cold roast. We were ready for it. The horses were fed and watered.

South of Lisbon. After all was ready, we started for the West Point, where my maternal grandfather had lived for so many years. There is a historical spot where my cousin James Burbeck captured John Morgan, the horse thief, with his thievish company. They all seemed to

take pride in knowing the exact spot where this most thrilling adventure took place. Again the young ladies brought out their camera.

We came to my grandfather's old home; Ichabod Davis, a son of Isaac Davis and wife, now are living in it. It is in a pretty location. The house was clean and neat; we went through it and had some conversation with them. I felt very anxious to go to the Davis cemetery. It is not very large, but is full of graves. She told me that all the immediate family was buried there. It was poorly kept. I did not notice any tombstones. She had buried a near relative and she had a few flowers growing on the grave.

There heaves the turf

In many a mouldering heap,
Each in the narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to the mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

My grandfather, Ichabod Davis, was born in Howard County, Maryland.

A cousin and wife came out to see us. His name is Harvey Davis; his wife is Uncle Sam and Aunt Julia Koffle's daughter.

**(Copied at the farm?) January 31st, Mr. Dempsey and Mr. Lee both telegraphed that Uncle John died yesterday, 1877;- In Memoriam, of Mr. John Davis, of Crawford Co., Ohio, aged 79 (?). He was born in Howard County, Maryland, January 6, 1792. With his father, Mr. Ichabod Davis, he emigrated to Ohio and settled in Columbiana County, where he resided 24 years. At the age of 24, he was joined in matrimony with Miss Mary Hamilton, by the Rev. Clement Vallandigham. This was on Dec. 26, 1816. The marriage lasted for 58 years. During their married life 13 children were born, 7 sons and 6 daughters. In 1882 he moved to Sandusky township, Crawford County, Ohio. Aunt Polly died eleven years before he did. All this branch were buried elsewhere. **

Grandfather and Grandmother Davis and their sons Nathan, Richard, Amos and Isaac, and many of their children and grandchildren are buried in the little plot. It was the style in those days to fence off a graveyard on the farm.

I was very much gratified to see this part of the country, as I had not seen it ever on my visits to Lisbon.

Whilst we were out prospecting, several relatives called to see us: Mrs. Newton Ramsey and Mrs. E. Y. Ramsey, Mr. William Olmeher (?) and the Presbyterian minister, Robert E. Pugh, Mr. John Huston and wife, my cousin Maggie McCord Huston. The Huston's live in a very pretty home in the northwestern part of Lisbon. She is in bad health. Her mother was the daughter of Ichabod and De-

lilah Davis. She married Arthur McCord; they have been dead for years. There were three children left, two sons and the one daughter, Maggie. The sons went to California and died years ago. The John Hustons bought the Carlyle farm and lived there for some time. They have a son married who lives there now, and they have come into Lisbon.

We took supper at the Glenns, Nancy and Mr. Myers going over with us. We enjoyed the visit. They showed so many family relics. George McLaughlin was a cabinet maker. They had a great deal of furniture of very fine woods that he had made. Their daughter had (just) had a baby. Florence, Harry and Mary went over to see it.

Wednesday, August 9th. The next morning was the time we had given ourselves to stay.

I thank God whom I serve, from my forefathers, with a pure conscience, that, without ceasing I have remembrance of thee, day and night.. and greatly desiring to see thee, that I may be filled with joy.

Mrs. Helen Glenn, who is cousin Susan McLaughlin's daughter, lives on (). Two children are unmarried and one married a shoe merchant in Lisbon.

Mathias Hamilton's wife was a very lovely woman. She several years ago made a family gathering whilst Mr. Covington and I were at Lisbon. Aunt and Uncle Gaskill, Mr. and Mrs. Myers and others of the relatives were there. We were all impressed with her management and all spoke of her good qualities, and felt that she would be a good helpmate for Mathias. They had bought the Hellman property. It had been owned by Mathias's uncle and was from my first recollections a fine drugstore. Mrs. Hamilton had three sons. One named Charles is married and lives at home. Randall and the eldest son, William, who has been rendered incapable of attending business through ill health.

John (?) studied for the Episcopal ministry and has a parish somewhere in Texas. Mary Myers, Florence and I went out around to view the town. We first visited the Presbyterian Church, Mary having to go to the janitor for the key. It is a most beautiful church, built on a corner of Market Street and (). It is of stone and brick. The memorial windows are fine; there is one in memory of Jonathan and Joseph Hamilton. It showed a beautiful grape-vine with many bunches of luscious grapes. There was a fine picture of the Saviour plucking the grapes. The church has two beautiful entrances. It must have cost at least sixteen to twenty thousand dollars. It was built in 1902. I think there were other memorial windows, but none with the coloring in the glass so bright and clear.

There are weeks and months and perhaps years when we do not think of people. Then perchance a memory will bring them vividly before us. So vividly that we yearn

for them. I felt it deeply, in memory of Jonathan Hamilton, my dear old grandfather that I so tenderly loved in childhood.

Wednesday, August 9, 1905. We left our dear, kind friends who planned this lovely reunion. They were quite forgetful of themselves in working out our comfort and happiness. We said once more a sad farewell and cousin Randall took me in his pretty automobile to the station. Mr. Bristol, Mary, Florence and Harry were already there. We waited but a short time. The morning was fine and we enjoyed the ride.

When we got to Cleveland, James H. Dempsey met us at the train. Mrs. Wilbur Davis, Nanny Myers, and the sons were also waiting. James had a large carriage for us, and a driver to take us out. James, of course, remained in the city until evening. Mrs. Wilbur Davis, at the request of James, went out with us. She is quite a large, fine looking lady. (There are so many of Uncle John Davis' family scattered through Ohio that I have never known). She is Wilbur Davis's second wife. He has one son who is a graduate of West Point military academy, and has been sent to the Philipines. Mr. Wilbur Davis had urgent business and could not come out.

When we arrived at Montrath, Nanny and the boys had gotten out in the street cars. The cook and maids got up a nice dinner for us all. We spent the rest of the day with much pleasant conversation.

Nellie Dempsey McGowen and husband had gone the week before the Virginia for a visit with Mr. McGowen's relatives. They left word for us to remain until they returned.

They had passed through some hard experiences:- the great loss of Nellie's mother and father.

The wedding of Miss Florence Lee Dempsey, June 15th: The wedding of Miss Florence Lee Dempsey and the Rev. Edmund Gilmore Mapes was quietly solemnized at 11 o'clock in the chapel of Trinity Cathedral, Rev. William Lenard DD, assisted by Dean Williams, performing the ceremony. A wedding breakfast was served at this summer home on the Lake Shore Boulevard.

I forgot to mention the long illness and death of Mr. McGowen's father.

Mr. and Mrs. Mapes will be at home in Massillon, Ohio where he is rector of the church.

Mr. James H. Dempsey came out early, but found only us at the house. We sat on the benches and viewed the sunset and talked of old times, when Katharine and Mollie and Florence and he had a happy time in Crestline; and Shelby and Cincinnati and Gambier Commencement, and of the great changes that time has brought for us all.

In the evening, Mrs. Rattles and her son and daughter came out. John Ernest and Harry had great sport with games whilst we enjoyed Jim's and Mrs. Rattles' experiences. Her husband and James are interested in a

mine of great value. When an automobile came to take the party for a ride, I felt too tired and went to bed. Thursday, the 30th. The weather very hot. We will stay at Monrath Cottage.

Harry and the boys are out for a swim, and Harry is in great ecstasy over his success in swimming. James uses every precaution about the boys swimming. He has a man watching them.

I took a pen picture of the front and reception room:- a long wide verandah with rugs, easy chairs, sofas with pillows. Going into the reception room you see the walls tinted in green, portieres of green goods separating the dining room. A Steinway piano and stool, an oval shaped table and a pretty green rug on the floor. A wide stairway of hardwood, a quaint chimney of pressed brick, with mantle clock and pictures. The telephone is in the room; handsome willow chairs and a sofa and table with the latest periodicals, and two large vases of flowers freshly filled each day.

The dining room wall is tinted a dark green with buff ceilings. A mantle of oak and sideboard of the same; an oak dining table that would seat eleven. Well polished oak chairs. A Mexican drawn work table cover, a grey and blue rug, pictures, mantle ornaments, silver, cut glass.

Friday, August 11, 1905. After a good breakfast we rode to the train in the carriage with James. We saw him off and then rode through Gordon Park, Wade Park, Rockefeller Boulevard. When we got home, we were told by Mr. D. to be ready and go to Lakeview cemetery, that Mr. John Norris would meet us and go with us. He is from Hyannia, Massachusetts, and is Mr. Bourne's brother-in-law. When we all got there, it began to rain. We first went to the memorial built by J. H. Wade for his grandfather, built of granite and marble at the cost of one million. Rockefellers are the richest men in Cleveland.

My old friend in New Lisbon who moved to Cleveland, Hiram Garretts~~on~~'s son, Gen. George A. Garretson, married Mr. Wade's sister. We found Senator Hanna's remains still in the Chapel, waiting for a mausoleum to be built. They hold services in the Chapel when noted men are brought to Lake View; Secretary Hayes and others. The marble steps are long and beautiful. It turned in and rained so very heavy that we had to hurry or be drenched.

We visited the family graves. I couldn't realize Mr. John Dempsey, that active and, to me, young man was sleeping under the sod. Col. Dempsey was born in Ireland on May 27, 1822. At the age of nineteen he came to this country and located in Sandusky.

Saturday, August 12, 1905. We, having been invited to Earnest Cook's home to spend the day, got ourselves ready and the carriage was ready for us. We made quite a happy party, Florence and myself, John and Earnest, Harry, Martha Helen, and Marion Cook, and Nanny Myers. The home is one of those fine houses built thirty years ago. Mr. Dempsey got a great bargain in the house. I think it cost him seventy-five thousand and it was worth as much as \$125,000. It is beautiful still but needs painting and many repairs. I think Mr. Dempsey took great pride in it.

But the class of people have changed; not so refined as when Col. Dempsey purchased it.

After a beautifully prepared repast, we all did ample justice to it. We heard the girls play on the piano and we had a very jolly time. We went on the cars a few squares and drove back. Nanny had two Lisbon papers Mary had sent to me. I noticed that in the Cook Library there were nine volumes of Bulwer's novels, beautifully bound; also Thackeray and Dickens works. At night the moon shone beautifully.

Jim told us of a dangerous accident he had. He was caught in a railroad wreck and came near losing his life. He told much of Cleveland history.

1905, Sunday of August 13th. It blew up much colder in the night. I could hear the lashing of the waves on Lake Erie all night.

We now expect to leave Montrath the 16th.

James, Katharine and Earnest Cook's son, who is fifteen years old and was away from home when we were there at his father's, Saturday, came out to see us. He is a tall, modest looking young man. I thought that night I could see Katherine's looks in him. Earnest, John and he went for a horseback ride.

Florence and I went across the road with James to his stables, and saw the accommodations for the help who take care of them.

He has a good small house for a family to live in and a short distance from it is the large carriage house with seven or eight fine vehicles in fine order, and saddles, and harness, and fine horses in their lovely stalls. Perfect pictures.

Harry enjoyed a short lake bath. The old gentleman who lives next door, whose name is DeForest, came in to make a call. He had been an officer in the Union Army, stationed in the West. He told of many very interesting bits of history, not only of the war, but of the early history of Cleveland. He mentioned some Lisbon boys that he had known.

Mr. and Mrs. Morse came out to call, and to look at their fine new house that is being built, two houses beyond James'. They are grading down to the edge of the lake. She was Senator Mark Hanna's sister. She is a small woman, I judge fifty years of age. Blue eyes. She was dressed in white, neat but plain. She seemed to regret that she knew so little of her native place, Lisbon. She was but six years of age when her father and mother left there, and her visits were few. She had now a second husband, also Mr. Wade a second wife. When the Senator died, it was a great shock to her; James Dempsey was with them, receiving news of his condition. When the sad news came, she fainted, and gave them a great scare. Jim said he was completely thrown off his balance. She was too weak and prostrated to attend to anything and engaged Jim to do it for her. James went to Washington for Mrs. Morse.

Mr. Wade is an invalid after having suffered two strokes of paralysis. He can scarcely be understood when he talks. They have a home in south Florida, I think. The house building now here is very large and substantial and made of vitrified brick. She does not care for it. Instead of fronting on the lake, it fronts on the road.

Monday, the 14th. James planned for us, Ernest, John, Harry, Florence and all, to go in to the Dorchester Avenue home in the city. The clouds were heavy and it threatened rain. They took the key. John, the coachman, was made quite angry at the way some builders who were working next door had abused their horse. We went through the different rooms, the boys giving us a history of each. Upstairs in the front room there were fine pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey, so natural they looked as if they could speak. There were also two pictures of John and Mary Davis, the grandparents. There was some very good furniture at the 110 Dorchester Avenue home. There was china, pictures, books and bric-a-brac. We returned in a shower of rain. There were twenty rooms in the house. They rented that house and had lived there but one year.

We drove out to Shaker Boulevard and upper Shaker Lake, and had an east and west view. We saw Mr. Frank Bourne's beautiful home and down over Euclid Heights and Gordon Park.

Mr. Dempsey had arranged to take us to the Country Club to a fine dinner. Florence and I dressed in our best, and although it was raining, we went. The club house is fine, almost like a little fairy palace. It rained so hard that there were only a few there, which made it the more enjoyable. James was a good host. We had every delicacy of the season. Jim flavored the dishes with amusing conversation; we returned at eleven.

John Cary is James' coachman. He is the most important person on the place. Two other men are employed. He has six fine horses: Dillard, Red Bird, Marie, Captain, Joe and Bill.

Grandpa Bourne lives on Case Avenue, No. 815. He had married a second time to a cousin of the former wife, who died July 29, 1898, after a lingering illness. Mrs. Bourne had been a resident of Cleveland for thirty-one years; she was married to Mr. Bourne 38 years. They had been married in Hyannis, Mass. They had two sons, Herbert C. Bourne and Richard C. Bourne. James' wife was her daughter and had died of scarlet fever after an illness of eight days, leaving two sons. Ernest and John.

Mr. Bourne's second wife's name before marriage was Lucy Thatcher.

Tuesday, August 15, 1905. It rained last night and the wind was quite high. The lake was rough. I stayed in the house, but Florence and the boys took a drive to Cleveland. In the evening James had made arrangements for Florence and Harry to have a conference with Mr. Newton Anderson (of Cincinnati in 1847) who knows Dr. Bob Stewart and other physicians there. He has taught in the University of Cleveland; the boys attended his

school. He is now building up a school in Asheville, North Carolina. He has an especial train for the boys. The climate is fine for asthma and throat trouble. The expense would be \$600 per year, physicians' bills and music extra.

We were introduced to a gentlemen, Mr. Hal Coke, whom James met with his brother in Europe two years since.

Wednesday, August 16th. It has cleared off and is quite cool. James H. made arrangements for us to go tomorrow, Thursday, 8 A.M.

Mr. and Mrs. McGowen returned this morning. She looks fine, and has gained several pounds whilst in the White mountains in Vermont.

James Savannah, a visitor, had stayed all night. He went in the carriage with James and Florence. When they returned, we had lunch, and Nellie, Florence and the boys went to Lunar park. The men came for our trunks at half past three. Frank Bourne came out in the evening and made a call.

Thursday, August 17th, 1905. We got up at four o'clock, feeling well; had a good breakfast, ourselves bathed and dressed, with the valises ready. We saw all the servants and bade them goodbye with some substantial remembrances. And John was ready, for James H. went with us. It was cool and bracing. We had been so royally treated by James that we felt proud and happy.

We went on board of the steamer North Land. James introduced us to one of the owners of the boat, and the purser, and to two young lads and one elderly lady of Cleveland. All were very pleasant. Then James H. bade us Good-bye.

Friday, August 18th, 1905, on board the steamer "Northland." We slept well. Florence and I slept in lower berths. It was a hard task for me to get in, the rail of the berth was almost insurmountable. James H. (Dempsey) had introduced us to Mrs. Ely of Cleveland, and two grandmisses. They will go a short distance above Mackinac island. One of the ladies has hay fever. Florence's sneezing began today. Harry found a partner and they have been exploring the "Northland" in good style.

Mrs. Ely and ladies were especially polite to us. She complimented me by remarking, "Should I live to be 80 years of age, and have as sweet a face as you have, Mrs. Covington, I would be very, very happy. She had one daughter who graduated at Wellesley college this year, and her niece will graduate next year. We neared Mackinac, and the purser had looked after us most kindly.

There were a good many Jews on board. When we got off the "Northland" we went to the Chippewa Hotel. It was real hot. We were three days overdue and the rooms we had engaged were lost; but we succeeded in getting one on the 4th floor. The dinner was miserable. The elevator was dark. We knew that this would not suit us and went out to look for a better lodging place.

We went up to the James Doud cottage and heard from the widow all the sad story of her husband's death and the misfortune in burning up a stable and carriages, and of the horses being destroyed.

Mary Doud said we could have a large room over the reception hall, with three large windows looking out over the lake, two beds, dressers, wash stand and chairs, and a large closet with numerous hooks to hang up clothes.

We rode back to the "Chippewa" and settled the bill. Six dollars was the account, one dollar for trunks. Florence wrote five letters to friends and mailed them.

Doud Cottage, Mackinac Island, Sunday, August 20th, 1905. It was a bright, beautiful day after the rain; the rain that was needed so badly. The streets and the grounds wear a very careless and neglected appearance.

The family that occupies the first floor that we had last year, has been here for seven weeks. Letta Lowry is her name. Their home is in Lexington, Kentucky. Mrs. Lowry is handsome and has a stylish figure. There are two young lady daughters, a son Tom Lowry, and a baby ten months old. The baby is named Jean and has a good nurse. They are noisy and careless. We had a nice call from Old Lady Doud. Many sad things have happened to her in the last year.

Thursday, December 21. I received seven photographs taken at Lisbon, Ohio, and in the country. The first one, taken on the porch at Mr. Myers residence, had Mr. and Mrs. Green and the two young ladies, Randall Hamilton and father Mathias Hamilton, Mr. Myers, and Nancy Myers, Florence, Mary H. Covington, Little Prichard boy, Harry Hidden, Mary Myers and Christina Hamilton.

The second one has Mary H. Covington, Cousin Mathias Hamilton, Cousin Nancy Myers, Mrs. Glenn and Mr. Glenn, Christina and Mr. Myers.

The third is of myself, taken in the parlor in front of the fire place.

The fourth is of Mrs. Myers and myself in the parlor together.

LIFE CLOSED TO EARTHLY SCENES

MRS. WILLIAM MYERS SUCCUMBS TO ILLNESS OF PAST FEW DAYS

FUNERAL SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Mrs. William Myers passed peacefully away in death at 7:30 o'clock this morning at the family home on East Washington street. For many years she had been frail, and when about ten days ago she was stricken with a bronchial affection which later developed into bronchial pneumonia, it was feared that she could not long do battle with the disease. With the death of Mrs. Myers one of the last surviving members of two of the old Revolutionary families of this vicinity passes away. She was the daughter of William Hamilton and Elizabeth Davis Hamilton who came to Mononghela City, Pa., in 1776. In 1800 they came to Ohio and seven years later to Columbiana county, locating on a farm about three miles south of Lisbon. Here Nancy Hamilton was born on September 15, 1826, and when at the age of eight years her mother died, she went to the home of an uncle, Joseph Hamilton, on an adjoining farm. Here she grew up to young womanhood and on April 15, 1852, she became the wife of William Myers. Immediately after their marriage they moved to Lisbon, to the old home property at Washington and Jefferson street where they lived until a few years ago, when they moved to their present home. Their union was blessed with six children, four of whom died in early childhood, two daughters, Misses Mary and Nannie surviving.

Early in life, on March 24, 1843, deceased united with the Presbyterian church and in her death passes away the oldest member in point of membership, and one of the oldest in point of years. For many years on account of her health she has remained closely at home, ever patient and cheerful, and doing her utmost to relieve anxious thoughts about her daily welfare. Besides her husband and daughters, deceased is survived by one sister, Mrs. Mary E. Hasson of Youngstown and one half brother and sister, M. N. Hamilton and Miss Christena Hamilton of this place.

The funeral will be conducted at the family home on Saturday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock by Rev. R. E. Pugh of the Presbyterian church.

Annette Covington
300 East Church St.
Oxford, Ohio

Isabella Riggs Williams
300 East Church St.
Oxford, Ohio

Laura W. Brown
529 Dakota St.
Norman, Oklahoma

Martha W. King
2021 Miles Ave.
Kalamazoo, Mich

Stephen H. Williams
308 West Walnut St.
St. Charles, Ill.

Roger L. Williams
308 West Walnut St.
St. Charles, Ill.

Sam C. Shields
Box 2433
San Antonio, Texas

Ben Shields
Box 2433
San Antonio, Texas

Harriet K. Saltar
24 Clarke Ave,
Milford, Delaware

Gordon K. Saltar
2208 Lorelei Lane
Ardentown
Wilmington 3, Delaware

Mr. E. C. Dempsey
12819 Lake Shore Blvd.
Cleveland 8, Ohio

Mrs. Randall Hamilton
383 E. Lincoln Way,
Lisbon, Ohio

Mrs. Helen Harriss
68 West Prospect Ave
Ingram, Pittsburgh 5, Pa.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fowler
1744 Third St.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Mrs. John P. Smith
707 Falls St.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Mrs. Helen Geiger
14776 Athens Ave.,
Lakewood, Ohio

Miss Gertrude Glenn
226 E. Lincoln Way,
Lisbon, Ohio

The Covington Library
Miami University,
Oxford, Ohio

The Newberry Library,
Chicago, Illinois

The Public Library
Rising Sun, Indiana

The Madisonville Public Library
Madisonville
Cincinnati, Ohio

The Lepper Library
Lisbon, Ohio

